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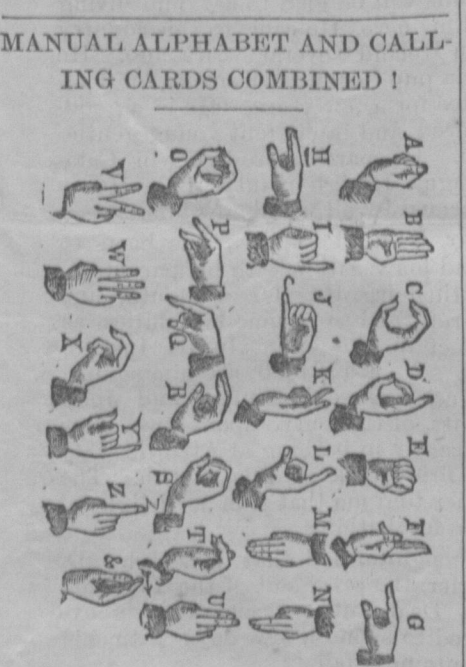
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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1879.

NUMBER 34.

POETRY.

TRUE MEN.

Extract from a poem read before the State  
Press Association, at Rochester, Tuesday  
evening, June 17, by George Alfred Townsend.

Not in rich cities only, live the men  
Whose strength of purpose glorifies the pen.  
When Thackeray trembled, lest the slaves might go,  
And all his plumes sought an overthrow,  
In the wild hills of Eastern Tennessee,  
Of a Rebellion's citadel the key,  
One man rose no Gessler could compel,  
And William Brown's wood like William Tell,  
Coarse was his phrase but barbed with loyal wit;  
Not for the style but the effect he wrote;  
They hanged his readers but confessed his art—  
Plain preacher of the instincts of the heart—  
And drove him forth, palsied in all but will,  
Ashamed to answer and afraid to kill.  
Yet where he sowed, grain came to sheaf and shock,  
His spirit stood on Chickamauga rock;  
On Lookout mountain waved the holy flag  
And Chattanooga put an end to Bragg;  
By Jackson's name in every Union hut,  
Stand Brownlow, Johnson, Houston, Farragut.  
With all the faults of women yet to bless,  
What noble lovers ever had the Press?  
Two gallant Hamiltons an age apart  
Stood by its side in Court with mind and heart;  
The last to bid the dogma from our love—  
"The more the truth the libel more and more."  
Called to account for truths himself and hurled  
A ruined gamister struck him from the world,  
But pleading yet at our supreme bar  
His fame flows down like a directing star.  
So his last battle this fair God to free,  
Poured out his blood, light horseman Harry Lee,  
And gave the press his heart's intensest throbs,  
Like Owen Lovejoy, martyred by the mob.  
Next in the field, sagacious and alone,  
His press and type in the Ohio throne,  
Gamaliel Bailey sent a radiant bomb  
Straight in the Capital by "Uncle Tom."  
There sat the black like Banquo's ghost unbid,  
A woman's pen had raised Pandora's lid;  
Her simple tale through weekly issues crept  
But made a deluge when its readers wept,  
In various tongues through millions made its plea,  
Who held their Kings to stern neutrality.

STORY TELLER.

OUT OF HIS SPHERE.

BY FLORENCE AVALAN.

CHAPTER I.  
GREVILLE HOLMES.

There is no reason why a man may  
not be fashionable and yet be a man,  
but a mere man of fashion is a piti  
able thing. This thought vaguely shap  
ed itself in the brain of Greville  
Holmes, as, lounging upon his sofa of  
Oriental stuff—a *trouville* from Con  
stantinople—he contemplated the va  
cant countenance of one of his acquain  
tances, Dexter Petrie, who was inflic  
ting upon him at the moment some of  
his "views" as to men and things.

"Never could marry her, you know,"  
opined Mr. Petrie, sucking the top of  
his cane, which had a pug-dog's head  
upon it. "Knew her before pop got so  
rich, and was 'gone,' you know, 'gone'  
But now, idle and useless to  
dream of such a thing! Pop wouldn't  
hear of it, and it couldn't be done."

"But you make love to her, you say,  
and she naturally expects you to marry  
her," replied Greville Holmes.

"Can't help that, you know; can't  
help what a girl expects." Here Mr.  
Petrie laughed an utterly vacant laugh.

The subject of his conversation had  
been for the last half hour a young  
and pretty girl, Maud Whiteligh by  
name, to whom, in the days before  
sudden wealth had resulted from old  
Daniel Petrie's speculations in stock,  
the son had been engaged to be married.

But was it for a moment to be sup  
posed that the possessor of a bank ac  
count of his own, diamond studs of his  
own, a horse of his own, a *coupe* of his  
own, and the most profuse wardrobe  
of any young man in town, be he who  
might, would seriously contemplate  
honoring a matrimonial engagement  
with the daughter of a man who kept  
a little trimming store in that obscure  
village where old Petrie had resided  
ere yet he had entered into city life  
and learnt the mysteries of successful  
stock speculation.

"A man of honor," remarked Greville  
Holmes, "would consider his word a  
bond. The girl is pretty; you say  
that she is refined. Do you consider  
that the mere difference of wealth is  
an insurmountable obstacle between  
you?"

"Pop does," sullenly replied Dexter  
Petrie, again resorting to what appear  
ed the consoling sucking of his cane.  
"And," added he, "that settles it."  
Then, as if to avoid further discussion,  
he rose, said "ta-ta"—by which he  
meant "good-day" to Holmes; and  
with the same vacant smile upon his  
lips, and with the same languid gait  
that he had adopted since he had be  
come a man of fashion, he took him  
self off and away.

My story does not propose to deal  
with Dexter Petrie nor Maud Whiteligh.  
Pretty Maud found an excellent hus  
band at a later day, and that the in  
sane dandy would never have made  
She married Joshua Phelps, a well-to  
do farmer, and Petrie found an heiress  
as vacant in mind as himself. But  
what of Greville Holmes.

Greville Holmes had received from

heaven and nature an exceptionally at  
tractive exterior, a graceful manner, a  
good intellect, and excellent health and  
spirits. He had, besides, what proved  
to be his misfortune, wealthy parents  
and what is called a "social position."

If, in his sphere, it had been his good  
fortune to meet with a woman possess  
ed of the order of mind which, like  
steel and stone, gives fire and life by  
contact with another mind, that dor  
mant intellect, that sleeping energy of  
which he, up to twenty-six years of  
age, had remained almost unconscious,  
might have flashed forth and brought  
Greville Holmes into a higher and no  
bler existence. It was not his good  
fortune to find such a woman in the  
ultra-fashionable world in which he  
moved, and it was his ill-fate to ignore  
the opportunity held out to him when,  
by chance, "out of his sphere," he met  
Ethel Romeyn.

It was in no higher or more "select"  
locality than a glove store that he en  
countered her, and behind the counter  
as a saleswoman not before it as a pur  
chaser.

The extraordinary beauty and re  
markable distinction of the young girl's  
appearance struck him at once. Yet  
neither Ethel Romeyn's face nor air  
would have appealed to any but a re  
fined taste. Her features were nobly  
regular and straight, inclining some  
what to the aquiline type. The statu  
esque character of her profile was in  
creased by a remarkable pallor, due to  
the confinement of the life she led.  
Her copious hair was of a light brown  
color, and had a rich, natural wave.  
Large eyes of a steel-blue, shaded by  
lashes almost black, beneath delicate  
and dark eyebrows gave expression to  
a countenance rather still than mobile.  
Add to this a stately figure, symmetri  
cal if slender, and hands of remarkable  
beauty of form, and you will see why,  
to this fastidious man of the world,  
Ethel Romeyn appeared to be the most  
beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"She has the look of blood," he said to  
himself, "and that is of all things the  
rarest. Take her out of this glove  
shop, and she would grace a court."

It took a brisk walk to quiet the  
tumultuous emotions in Greville's  
breast which the simple fitting of one  
of a pair of *gris de perle* gloves by those  
beautiful, taper-fingered hands had  
aroused. Yet Ethel had acquitted her  
self of the perhaps unpleasant duty  
with the quiet dignity which repels  
any attempt at familiarity. Again and  
again did Greville require gloves and  
have them fitted, and, for all the pro  
gress that he made towards acquain  
tance with the fair object of what was  
really a genuine passion on his part,  
he might as well have remained outside  
of the "fashionable," glove store.

What Ethel Romeyn felt and thought  
was not apparent in her well-controll  
ed features. That the dark hazel eye  
of the fine face, the nobly poised figure,  
of her so constant companion should  
dwell in the young girl's mind—for,  
though I call her woman, Ethel had  
just entered her nineteenth year—was  
but natural. She had instantly recog  
nized a difference between Greville  
and the general run of customers who  
entered the store at all hours. But  
the lonely orphan girl had already been  
made but too painfully aware of the  
disadvantages of her position inas  
much as she was too beautiful, and  
bore herself accordingly.

One evening, when on her way home  
to her humble lodgings, she was fol  
lowed by a young man of about the  
same intellectual calibre as the Dexter  
Petries of this wicked world, she was  
surprised to find the dastard who had  
insulted her sprawling at full length  
at her feet, and Greville Holmes offer  
ing her his arm. It followed that she  
learned that for weeks past Greville  
had seen fit to follow her as a rear  
guard, protecting her from insult by  
his presence—ignored by her—and  
that he well knew where she lived and  
with whom.

If a burst of tears and a grateful ac  
ceptance of the proffered escort follow  
ed upon the terror inspired by the af  
front offered by her cowardly persec  
utor, who will blame the defenceless  
girl for her tears or for her gratitude.

Acquaintance ripened. Greville  
Holmes took measures to become  
known to the highly respectable wid  
ow lady with whom Ethel had been so  
fortunate as to find a home—and at a  
reasonable price—and, convinced not  
only of his unobjectionable standing,  
but of the honorable nature of any mo  
tives he might have in visiting her,  
both Mrs. Grey and Ethel, reluctant  
though they were to take such a step,  
permitted, after a time, the young gen  
tleman's frequent visits.

Greville Holmes had a weak and ir  
resolute mind. Love, the only true  
feeling he was ever to know towards  
any of her sex, impelled him to ask  
Ethel Romeyn to become his wife.  
The fear of the anger of his father, the  
cold sneers of his mother, the laughter  
of his fashionable associates, called him  
another way and bade him fear to take  
a step by which Ethel, being the very  
superior girl she was, would have se  
cured his happiness.

It is needless to dwell upon the  
gradual winning of a heart by no means

heedlessly or willingly made his; but  
Greville won that of Ethel Romeyn.  
No man of poor intellect, no man with  
out refinement could have done this,  
and not for a moment did the thought  
of social advantages to accrue to her  
from the wealth of her suitor enter the  
hearts that loved him. Fortunately,  
beyond the majority of men, Greville  
Holmes was loved for himself.

It is naturally to be supposed that  
the movements of their son, could not  
long remain unknown to Mrs. Holmes,  
his mother, nor to the banker, his  
father. It was in the very summer of  
his passion's bloom and of Ethel's fer  
vent love that the father desired an  
interview with his son, and only child,  
and during that interview gave him his  
choice,—an allowance that would just  
keep him, with work, and Ethel Holmes,  
or a will that would give him a large  
portion of his father's fortune and a  
marriage with some young lady not  
"out of his own sphere." Such was  
the fiat.

"There is no reason why," said the  
banker, "my money should go to en  
rich a girl who has never known its  
possession. The parents of Ethel  
Romeyn were poor, though highly re  
spectable. I have made every inquiry,  
and know all that there is to know  
about these people. If you prefer to  
marry her, I will allow you what will  
keep the wolf from the door, you work  
to increase it. Your mother re  
fuses even to visit her, and I presume  
that your friends will cut her if they  
meet her with you."

It was after this conversation that  
the following one took place between  
Ethel and Greville:

"My father is inflexible," said Gre  
ville, after reporting the above inter  
view, and, it must be said, word for  
word.

"So then am I," replied the young  
girl, raising her noble head, which had  
drooped while she listened. "I will  
neither consent to force you to live on  
a small allowance, nor that you should  
work for me; nor will I shut you out  
from your parents' visits and inter  
course with them and your friends. I  
will not speak of the cruel injustice of  
all your visits and attentions to me,  
nor your silence as to your parents'  
views and feelings. I will not add a  
word except this, that from to-day all  
intercourse ceases between you and me."

"Thus speaking, Ethel Romeyn left  
the room where they stood, and Gre  
ville remained alone.

CHAPTER II.  
SIDNEY ROTHALL.

It was three years later that an elegant  
entertainment took place at the  
house of a noted American lady, resi  
dent in Rome. It was there, strange  
to say, that we again find Ethel.

The sister of Mr. Romeyn, Helen,  
had married an artist named Jerning  
ham, who became noted in the course  
of time, but unfortunately contracted  
Roman fever and in the height of his  
popularity died, leaving a handsome  
fortune to his widow. The greater  
part of his money lay in real estate in  
the city where Ethel lived, and it was  
the merest accident that brought Mrs.  
Jerningham into the store where her  
niece acted as saleswoman. Ethel had  
changed since the breaking off of her  
engagement with Greville Holmes,  
whom his parents had sent abroad;  
but, struck by her beauty and refine  
ment, the lonely widow obeyed the in  
spiration which whispered to her to offer  
Ethel a home, to take her with her  
as an adopted daughter. Thus was  
Ethel enabled to carry on the studies  
she had never neglected, and in three  
years had so progressed that a book  
of poems bearing her name was the  
"sensation" in literary circles, at the  
time when we again find her in Rome  
and in "society."

The public fancy is whimsical.  
Many volumes appeared that season, is  
sued by various publishers in America,  
and died out almost unnoticed. Ethel's  
poems peculiar, original and unback  
ed in theme, were a success, and—  
this is seldom the case with poetry—  
they brought money both to the writer  
and publisher. Ethel, to her utter  
astonishment, found herself the pos  
sessor of quite a "neat" number of thou  
sands.

On the eventful evening to which I  
allude, there was presented to the  
young poetess, among other gentle  
men, an individual of apparently thirty  
years—a grave, refined, pale-faced man,  
remarkable rather for the look of cul  
ture, which was strikingly apparent,  
than for what could be called good  
looks. This gentleman was a sculp  
tor named Rothall. His statue of  
"Psyche unveiling the face of Cupid"  
had excited the critics of London, who  
were becoming personal and venomous  
on the subject. Rothall had chosen  
to treat his subject with originality,  
and met with an outcry which, how  
ever, finally gave way to the general  
preponderance of press-approval and  
the encouragement of private individ  
uals, who declared Sydney Rothall to  
possess genius.

It might truly be said that, after her  
sad experience, all men were alike to

Ethel Romeyn. She cared for none,  
and had thrown herself into the pur  
suit of literary fame as a life-work,  
determining never to marry, never to  
leave her kind and appreciative aunt.  
When, at his request, Sidney Roth  
sall was presented to the singularly  
quiet but strikingly distinguished-look  
ing girl it cannot be said that her in  
terest was straightway aroused. But  
there followed an acquaintance in  
which the wonders of the sculptor's in  
tellectual resources revealed them  
selves. There he and Ethel met upon  
the same plane.

It was during the summer that fol  
lowed that Rothall undertook and  
completed the reclining statue of the  
daughter of a Roman nobleman of im  
mense fortune. The young girl had  
died of consumption, and it was chief  
ly from busts, paintings and drawings,  
representing the lovely young Con  
tessa Montorini, that Rothall derived  
his idea of what she had been ere dis  
ease laid its fell hand upon one of  
"heaven's fairest children." But a  
startlingly perfect likeness resulted,  
and all Rome talked of it. The de  
lighted Conte Montorini gave the  
sculptor a princely price. Orders  
poured in for busts and statuettes, and  
when, impelled by a love as sincere as  
it was irresistible, the sculptor offered  
the fair poetess his hand it was not  
empty of the wherewithal to make a  
happy home.

Had Ethel forgotten Greville  
Holmes? No. But she had learned to  
compare the courageous intellectual  
workers who believe that life means  
something, and that this something  
is not idleness, with the drones in the  
hive of human existence, who cannot  
be brought to believe that it means  
anything but dreams of luxurious ease.

In the fall Ethel Romeyn was mar  
ried to Sidney Rothall, a choice never  
repented. I will now return to Gre  
ville Holmes.

What of him? How had it fared  
with him after the rupture with Ethel  
Romeyn? Alas, but badly.

Thrown back upon himself, the  
young man had sought in the "fresh  
fields and pastures new" of foreign life  
that forgetfulness which he had flatter  
ed himself that he would ultimately  
find. He had not found it. The fruit  
had turned to husks and bitterness.

Often indeed had he said to himself  
how interesting would have been his  
travels with Ethel by his side. As it  
was, he learned by her very absence to  
appreciate what, intellectually, morally  
and spiritually, she had been to him,  
and he resolved again to seek for in  
telligence of her whereabouts at least.

It was just at this point of time that  
the news of the banker's death reach  
ed the son, at that time in Vienna. He  
hastened home. On settling up the  
affairs of Mr. Holmes, senior, it was  
found that he had left far less prop  
erty than would have been previously  
supposed. Indeed, when out of what  
was left of a princely fortune, the wid  
ow should receive her share, Greville's  
portion, though an independence, was  
a small one. What had become of all  
the money? Had Mr. Holmes specu  
lated, or what had he done? The an  
swer recalls the sapient remark of that  
distinguished nobleman, Lord Dun  
dreary: "There are some things that  
a fellow never can know, you know!"

Gathering up the remnants as best  
he might, Greville Holmes, who had  
now learned that Ethel, adopted by  
her aunt, Mrs. Jerningham, was mak  
ing her home in Rome, started for the  
eternal city.

It was at the house of Conte Mon  
torini that he again met Ethel. With  
out waiting for an introduction, and  
all eagerly, he darted forward, seized  
her hand, and, confident that those  
about him would hardly comprehend  
the words he spoke in English, pour  
ed out the story of his long suffering,  
his father's death, and his present in  
dependent position, winding up to a con  
clusion of an offer of his hand.

As it was the first pause he had  
made, it was then only Ethel was en  
abled to obtain hearing of the words:  
"I am married, and to Sidney Roth  
sall, the sculptor."

There was no mistaking the beam  
ing look of pardonable pride with  
which, a few moments later, Ethel in  
troduced to her former suitor her  
husband.

If Sidney Rothall marked the pal  
lor of the heart-stricken young man,  
it was but to conclude in his own mind  
that the individual before him had  
loved Ethel in America, and been sur  
prised to find her married in Rome.  
It seemed to the sculptor perfectly  
natural that everybody should have  
been in love with his wife, nor did he  
ever think of the scene of that evening  
again unless to congratulate himself  
upon having won the prize which Gre  
ville Holmes had failed to secure in  
spite of his wealth and position.

Later on, meeting in London a fash  
ionable girl with whom he had been  
wont to flirt and dance in former times,  
and seeing that she felt a preference  
for him, Greville Holmes offered him  
self, was accepted and married within  
the year. That Myra Hayley was an  
heiress was not, perhaps, without a  
certain influence upon this result.

And so, while Ethel and Sidney  
Rothall work, and live out the mean  
ings and purposes of life, Greville  
Holmes and his wealthy wife get  
through with living rather than live.  
They have money, they have position;  
they quarrel, for Myra will never, so  
her husband believes and tells her, "be  
anything but a flirt;" while he haunts  
all the stylish clubs, keeps trotting  
horses, and, it is rumored, "knows one  
card from another when he sees a pack."  
Two sickly, peevish children help to  
make home disagreeable, for Mrs. Gre  
ville Holmes has no love for home du  
ties, nor power of home government,  
and, as she plaintively remarks, "late  
hours have broken her health all to  
pieces."

I will wind up my story by relating  
a little scene which took place when all  
my "characters" met in Paris. Roth  
sall's last statue was the talk of the  
town, and the sculptor a lion. Ethel's  
last book had been greeted rapturous  
ly in London, so that she was also one  
of the "observed." Enter upon the  
scene Mrs. Greville Holmes and her  
husband. The lady had on her "talk  
ing cap," and indulged in a lot of  
"fashionable twaddle." It happened  
that the hostess, an English lady of  
great culture, heard her, and unaware  
that Mrs. Holmes was within earshot,  
remarked to lady D—, a woman of  
letters, who sat beside her:

"How unfortunate that that empty  
headed woman should be here to-night,  
just when I wanted to have Mrs. Sid  
ney Rothall and her husband get a  
good impression of those who come  
here!"

Still, Greville Holmes had not mar  
ried "out of his sphere!"

CONDENSED NEWS.

—A few days ago a heavy run was  
made on Montreal banks.

—Pleur-pneumonia is prevailing  
among the cattle at Paterson, N. J.

—The treasurer of a Boston lodge  
of Knights of Honor has embezzled its  
charity fund.

—Three sailors were recently put to  
death in Hong Kong, China, for mur  
dering their captain.

—Captain Van Cott, in his row-boat  
"City of Boston," arrived at Boston  
August 8th from New York.

—An exciting freight war has re  
cently taken place between the trunk  
lines of railroads at the West.

—Policeman Thomas Clark shot and  
killed Mrs. Brown at New Orleans,  
and then escaped. Both of them were  
drunk.

—The crowd of camp-meeting at  
tendants at Ocean Grove over Sunday  
has recently been greater than ever be  
fore.

—Rev. Newman Hall, of London,  
the noted Congregational pulpit or  
ator, has obtained a divorce from his  
wife.

—The Count de Sampigny, at Brus  
sels, shot his wife because she had de  
serted him and gone to live with her  
coachman.

—The exports from Ottawa, Can.,  
for June showed a falling off of \$16,  
480,000 compared with the same  
month last year.

—A child belonging to Morgan  
Thomas, which was abducted several  
years ago, was recently discovered at  
Tuscarrooch, Pa.

—A locomotive ran off the track on  
the Ninth Avenue Elevated road, New  
York, and narrowly escaped plunging  
down to the street below.

—General U. S. Grant has taken  
passage on the steamer City of Tokio,  
and expects to arrive at San Francisco  
about the 12th of September.

—The officers of the steamer Ella  
continue to violate the Connecticut  
Sunday law by making alternate Sun  
day excursion trips from Norwich to  
Watch Hill.

—A recent hurricane in New Bruns  
wick destroyed eighty buildings, car  
ried away bridges, killed several per  
sons, and severely injured many oth  
ers.

—Charles P. Bonon, general freight  
and passenger agent of the Detroit  
and Bay City Railroad, has disappear  
ed. His accounts are said to have been  
involved.

—A man in Erie, Pa., while under  
fear of death confessed to having kill  
ed James Neads, a porter in White's  
dentist establishment, and robbing  
the place of a large amount of gold in  
1865.

—Henry W. Lind, law partner of  
James D. Fay, of San Francisco, who  
had recently committed suicide, com  
mitted suicide a few days ago after a  
confession to his wife that he had  
squandered the fortune left her by  
her mother.

—After a delay of a year, a German  
court-martial has sentenced Admiral  
Batsch to imprisonment in a fortress  
for six months, and Lieutenant-Cap  
tain Klanser for one month. They  
were the responsible officers of the  
war steamer Koenig Wilhelm, which  
sunk the Grosser Kurfurst, thereby  
drowning 300 sailors.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE CONVENTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Yesterday I took  
considerable time in reading all the  
letters concerning the proposed na  
tional deaf-mute convention, which  
some intelligent deaf-mutes want held  
somewhere in the State of New York.  
I came to the conclusion that such a  
convention is worth having, for it will  
benefit the deaf-mutes from all parts  
of the United States. As some mutes  
say, "it is necessary for us to be mixed  
in society, in order to improve our  
personal condition, etc."

I am sorry to say that I am not in  
favor of holding a convention in the  
State of New York. Why? Because  
it is very far from the Southern States.  
I know many mutes of these States  
cannot afford to go as far as New York.

Will any of your gentle readers  
second me when I say that it is much  
better for the convention to be held  
in the middle States of the Union so  
as to enable deaf-mutes in the surround  
ing States to attend the convention?  
Will any one second my opinion—yes  
my poor opinion—that St. Louis, Mo.,  
is a very good and fit place for the in  
auguration of a national deaf-mute  
convention? If not, I will leave it to  
the wisdom and good judgment of  
those who are well-educated and ex  
perienced, and submit to their will.  
I am hoping that a convention will be  
organized and held somewhere next  
year.

Very respectfully,  
FLORA A. SLATE.  
Oxford, Miss., Aug. 7, 1879.

DON'T WANT A DEAF-MUTE COL  
LEGE STUDENT.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The letter of one  
who signed himself "Rambling Soph"  
said I accused the students wrong  
fully of turning their noses up at mute  
girls. Did he think I would accuse  
any one without information which I  
might have had through the kindness  
of some friends? Again, let me ask,  
did I write "all students turned up  
their noses at mute girls"? No, I did  
not. I only wrote "if any student" or  
"that conceited fellow." "Rambling  
Soph" said if I could see and con  
verse with that fine and intelligent  
boy, the only one in the sophomore  
class who turned his classical nose up  
at deaf and dumb girls, I would be a  
strong advocate of turned up noses. I  
know I am very fond of conversing  
with fine and intelligent deaf-mutes,  
but as long as honor and refinement  
are concerned I will not be a strong  
advocate of turned up noses; nor will  
I second any one in turning up his  
nose at my own misfortunate class.

"Student" said, in his letter, if I had  
qualities that won love I might have  
one of them for a husband, which I  
will decline with thanks. I am glad  
that I am not in the clutches of those  
who are vain enough to style them  
selves "Students of the National Deaf  
Mute College," for I want to save my  
self for one noble-hearted and high  
spirited deaf-mute gentleman who was  
never a student of that college. I  
wonder who will write about me again.  
*Nous verrons.*

DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

A VISIT TO SARATOGA SPRINGS.

BREKABEEN, N. Y., July 31, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A most delight  
ful day was enjoyed in an excursion  
from our place to the great summer  
resort, Saratoga Springs, which I ac  
companied with my friends D. Bonck  
and wife and W. S. Crawford and wife.  
Mr. Crawford and wife being of that  
place. Mrs. Crawford, being able to  
converse fluently with mutes and per  
sonally acquainted with all the points  
of interest, both on the road and after  
arriving at the famous watering place,  
gave great pleasure to our company.

We visited the noted Geyser  
Spring, which is one of the greatest  
curiosities of the age, and also many  
other famous springs, which I will not  
take space to mention. We visited  
the United States Hotel, which is a  
magnificent structure, taking dinner  
with Mrs. Crawford, the head house  
keeper of the hotel, which at that time  
entertained some twelve hundred  
guests. Everything was in perfect  
order.

We left at 7 P. M., returning home  
well satisfied with our Saratoga visit.  
HATTIE KYSER.

A Brave Lady!

(From the Courier.)

Mrs. Schoonmaker, of Creek Locks,  
Ulster Co., N. Y., had the misfortune  
to entirely lose the sight of one of her  
eyes, through an accident, and endured  
painful inflammatory action therein for  
two long years;—the other eye finally  
becoming sympathetically affected, her  
general health seriously suffering; in  
deed, she was a mere wreck, a walking  
skeleton. In this terrible strait, she  
consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Ron  
dout, N. Y., who told her at once that  
the injured eye must be removed. She  
quietly but firmly said: "All right,  
Doctor, but don't give me chloroform.  
Let my husband sit by my side during  
the operation, and I will neither cry  
out or stir." The work was done, and  
the poor woman kept her word. Talk  
of soldierly courage! This showed  
greater pluck than it takes to face a  
hundred guns. To restore her general  
health and give tone and strength to  
the system, Dr. Kennedy then gave  
the "Favorite Remedy," which cleans  
ed the blood and imparted new life to  
the long-suffering woman. She rapid  
ly gained health and strength, and is  
now well. The "Favorite Remedy" is  
a priceless blessing to woman. No  
family should be without it. Your  
druggist has it. If not, send to Dr.  
David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.







## Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

### A WRITER WHO IS WILLING TO END A FOOLISH DISCUSSION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The last of D. Webster George's entertaining series of letters upon the subject of changing the name of the National Deaf-Mute College begins with a grand summing up of what I had written in regard to the proposed change. He proceeded, with the jollity of a circus clown, to elucidate the points which had been made by the friends and opponents of the measure—*as I had elucidated them.*—The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled of the sore.

I hope Mr. George will pardon the liberty I have taken in copying his elegant phraseology with the exception of a few alterations. But, really, after a careful perusal of Mr. George's letter, I cannot see that there is any very great difference in our opinions upon the subject notwithstanding the letter was long and the points discussed were many. He asserts that he would feel indignant if any one pitted him on account of his deafness. So would I, in the same case, but he insists that this pity is not the fault of the term deaf and dumb. Can any one tell what else arouses in the hearts of others that kind of feeling for a deaf and dumb person except the fact that he is deaf and dumb? We should take care not to remind others of our misfortune of tenor than we can help.

At the close of his letter, Mr. George well expresses the right we have to a share of the common education at the public expense. The institutions stand to us in the same relation that the public schools do to others, and, as our fathers or relatives are taxpayers, we have a just claim to a share of the common education. It would be well if this fact were impressed upon the unthinking minds of the public, which, from ignorance, or rather from a disregard of nice distinctions, terms our institutions asylums. I am certain of one thing, at least, and that is, as long as we continue to make a distinction between our schools and those of others, by using the term deaf and dumb, so long will people continue to call our institutions asylums.

If, instead of considering ourselves as a "peculiar" class of people, as Mr. George would have us, let the public know that we don't consider ourselves at all peculiar, the public will come, in time, to forget that there is really anything unfortunate in being deaf and dumb. "Peculiar" is but another word for "clannish." If, instead of parading our loss of hearing in front of our college, we could adopt a name like that of Harvard or Yale, with nothing about it to denote anything peculiar from the rest, the public would understand this silent act of personal consideration and appreciate it. Let others call us what they will, for we cannot prevent it, but let us not even hint that we are, as a class, different from the rest. Nothing so much encourages an abuse as countenancing or even tolerating it. Nothing so much discourages it as much as quiet silence.

But I have said enough. I have expressed my views on the subject in a former letter, and Mr. George has expressed his. In the particular point on which we have been writing, Mr. George has not convinced me that I was wrong, nor probably have I convinced him, as it is a question more of the hearts, or natural dispositions, than of the mind. While I know some deaf-mutes who, like Mr. George, think the term deaf and dumb is merely innocent and harmless, and who are ready to grin and bear whatever feeling that phrase may arouse on the part of others, I also know others who think there is more in a name, and who are not willing to remind themselves or other people of their condition. Therefore it seems to me useless to prolong a discussion in which neither of us would be convinced and at which we look from so many different points of view.

N. B. I cannot, however, let pass uncorrected a mistake which Mr. George has made in reference to the Boston school. He says: "There is a day school for deaf-mutes in Boston. Who would know where to educate their children were that school known merely as the Boston Day School?" Mr. George is not aware that the term deaf and dumb has been omitted from the name of the school by an act of legislature. The name Boston Day School for Deaf-Mutes has been changed to that of the Horace Mann School, and for the very reason which Mr. George has been arguing against Miss Fuller, the principal, told me that the change was made on account of that little term which Mr. George thinks so innocent and harmless. The more intelligent portion of the pupils had complained to her about this same little term, and she had the name changed to the one which it now bears. There is one fact about the name worth noticing; it is that Horace Mann was the warmest supporter of the school, and it was named after him.

—It is stated that King Alfonso will be married to Archduchess Maria of Austria on the 28th of November next.

—The Democratic State Central Committee met at Niagara Falls last Friday, and appointed the 10th of September as the day and Syracuse as the place at which to hold the State convention. The result of the meeting is looked upon as favorable to the Tilden wing of the party.

## HALF FARE TO THE BUFFALO CONVENTION OVER THE ROME, WATERTOWN AND OGDENSBURG RAILROAD.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would say that all the arrangements have been made with the general superintendent and general ticket agent of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company by which deaf-mutes attending the Buffalo convention can return free over the road upon presentation of certificates signed by the president or secretary of the convention, if they shall have paid full fare in passing over the road to Buffalo. The general ticket agent will give the secretary a supply of blank certificates, which will be good to return on any regular train on or before September 2d.

I would advise deaf-mutes on the Cape Vincent and Oswego branches, and south of Watertown, and on the Lake Ontario division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad wishing to attend the convention to take the first morning train for Lewiston via Oswego, and they will reach Lewiston in time to take a train for Buffalo via New York Central Railroad and arrive there at about 9 p. m. The running time between Lewiston and Buffalo is about one hour.

Returning, at the close of the convention, they can leave Lewiston at 6 a. m., and reach their destination on the same day. Remember that they will return free from Lewiston.

Any mute can go via Syracuse or Charlotte if they choose to, but they must return via those points they left on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad in going to Buffalo if they would like to return free.

Mr. H. T. Frary, the general ticket agent, expects the president or the secretary of the convention to be particular in issuing certificates; to only give them from the point which the person left on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad in going to Buffalo.

You will please publish this announcement in the next issue of your paper, as the president of the convention asked me to make the above arrangements with the railroad officers and report the result to you as soon as possible.

Yours truly,  
C. O. UPHAM,  
Manager for N. New York.

### THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

MR. EDITOR:—Ever since the first note was sounded I have been in favor of a national convention. Having conversed with many on the subject, and not having heard a single objection to it, the principal trouble seems to be to organize it. How, when, where, and who shall lead seem to be the important questions. I have read all the communications that have come under my notice on the subject, and still the right vein does not seem to have been struck. Some prominent gentlemen should take the lead, and the suggestion of suitable persons in your paper might be an aid to an organization, the one chosen to nominate others as delegates from various parts of the country. One from every State, would, I think, be too many, and there would be too much difference of opinions. One from every two States would be better; but I suggest that one from each deaf and dumb institution in the United States compose the delegates to agree upon the ways and means, time, and place of accomplishing the object. Of course the location chosen should be as central as possible, on the line of some great thorough route. Should it be decided to hold it in August a more northern location should be selected.

It would probably give still better satisfaction to those in favor of an impartial, non-sectarian, union gathering (which is just what it should be) if the principals of the different institutions be asked to act as delegates. There being three or more institutions in New York State, they should choose one from their number, as the representative of their State, and a principal, finding himself unable to attend, to have the power of appointing a substitute from his institution.

All this is offered as suggestions to draw out the ideas of others interested in the object, and to keep the ball in motion. Those who are most interested in the matter can now express their views freely, and, as it is a subject of interest to the whole deaf-mute family, there is no need of anonymous communications, as has been the case, and which are entitled to little or no notice. The opinions of E. M. Galland, Thomas MacIntire, P. A. Emery, Edmund Booth, Job Williams, D. E. Bartlett, and other leading instructors are solicited, and I have no doubt that they would be carefully and attentively read.

JOHN T. TILLINGHAUST,  
New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 15, 1879.

### DEATH OF ELIZA J. ATKINS.

WALNUT, Pa., August 10, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you be so kind as to insert the following most painful news of Miss Eliza J. Atkins' death in your valuable paper? She was taken sick on the 20th of July, and from that time she kept sinking till she fell asleep in death on the 31st. She was buried at 5 p. m. Friday evening, August 1st. All of your readers who knew her will be very much pained to hear this sad intelligence. She died of congestion of the brain. She was 21 years, 3 months, and 14 days old. She was prepared to die, and said that all was well after her friends prayed for her. I trust that she is happy in the sweet home of eternity. [She was one of our subscribers. Ed.]

## THE CREAM OF INTELLIGENCE FROM BLACKSTONE, MASS.

MR. EDITOR:—On Sunday, July 20th, a number of mutes congregated at the residence of Mrs. Follett, wife of Councilman Follett, of North Smithfield, R. I., for the purpose of being instructed in the Scriptures by that excellent lady. This was the second Bible-class meeting she had held, and it was surprising to see the number present, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the day, the thermometer ranging above 90° in the shade. Some of them had to travel many miles in order to be present.

Mrs. Follett's method of teaching differs but very little from that pursued by others. She simply gives each individual a chapter in the Bible in accordance with his capacity to read at home, and when they assemble she asks each of them to relate what he has read, and after the recitals she explains any chapter which may be given her by any of the mutes present. This is done in place of the method of asking common questions as generally followed at Sunday-schools. She finds that her method is an improvement, and particularly those chapters are selected by her which are most apt to excite thought. Her lecture to the mutes on the above date was in substance as follows: "I wish that we would try to devote the whole Sabbath to God by keeping it holy; and the best way to do this is by pious reading, prayer, meditation, and an habitual sense of God's presence and of our accountability to Him; of the shortness of time, and of our obligations to improve it; keep a good conscience, and seek not to give offence; love everybody, and forgive them for injury done; pray for them, and do not let the ill-conduct of others lessen our kindness and good-will to them; ask God daily to help us to do right; and let us not waver in our good resolutions, that we may at last meet in heaven. What a delightful meeting in that world where God, Jesus, and the holy angels have always been and forever will be."

Mrs. Follett is a true Christian and tries to make all around her think more deeply of the supreme Being. Her husband is a great friend to the mutes, and remains present during all the meetings at his home notwithstanding his inability to understand the signs.

He can talk with his fingers very well. The mutes in this vicinity are much indebted to Mrs. Follett and her excellent husband, and offer up sincere prayers for their welfare, both in this world as well as in that Heavenly Kingdom beyond the grave.

Tumor, the artful friend, says that William F. Slocum's hand was cut off by some rolling machine in Norwich, Conn. It is furthermore stated that his sister, (Patience Slocum), the wife of Mr. Bartlett, of Pawtucket, R. I., died the day after the accident, after having borne twins. Whether this piece of information is true or not I cannot vouch; it is only gossip, and must be taken at its worth.

A fortnight ago Mr. Henry D. Stillman went to swim in a neighboring pond. After a little while in the water, he was taken with cramps, and would have been drowned but for the timely assistance of some boys, who chanced to be near the scene.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, of Providence, R. I., are spending two weeks at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Follett. They are very respectable. If I do not mistake Mr. Kinsman is a jeweler by occupation, and is teacher of a Bible-class of mutes.

Mr. Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., will have a vacation in two weeks, and will go and visit his playmate at Whitensville, Mass. For the past year he has been very busy, and he will be glad to get away from work for a month at least. He has a very nice house, which can be seen on Lester avenue, which was named in honor of his father.

Erwin Aldrich says he has got through haying. He expects to go to the shore for a week. He has been busy training two kittens. They have done some wonders.

My little brother, Joseph Henry, has been clerking for the express agent of the New York and New England Railroad. The agent says Joe is doing very well, and he thinks he will get a position after he graduates from the New York Institution.

J. F. DONNELLY,  
Blackstone, Mass., August 10, 1879.

### PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN'S INTERESTING SERMON.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Sunday, the 3d inst., Professor William Chamberlain preached in the hall of our society (in Boston, Mass.) taking for his subject the story of the talents. After having told the story as it is described in the Bible, he spoke of talents in another sense, which were given us in a greater or less degree by our Creator. We will be called upon to render an account of the talents which were given us, on the last day, and then those of such as have not made a good use of them. The lecturer seemed to thoroughly know with whom he had to deal. He held the attention of the audience from first to last by his forcible style of delivery, which was almost pictorial in its motions. Illustration after illustration came with surprising facility from his hands, and one could not help being struck with the mass of knowledge and varied experience which he displayed. The interest of the audience was shown by frequent smiles and approving words.

Before commencing his sermon, Professor Chamberlain made a novel proposition to the audience. He brought every one present to pay him all due attention for the first ten or fifteen minutes and if, at the end of

that time, they came to the conclusion that his sermon was not worth attending to he would give them leave to turn their backs on him and talk away to their heart's content. The result was that there never was a more attentive audience, and that during the one hour and a half that the sermon lasted there was not even so much as a whisper. This result was probably not due more to the novelty of the proposition than to the excellence of the sermon. It is generally the lecturer's own fault if he cannot keep the attention of his audience fixed. Let the committee only secure really good preachers who understand the Bible well, and who can make themselves interesting, and then there will be a marked increase not merely in attention, but in attendance also. I hope the committee will take the hint.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

### DEAF-MUTE NATIONAL CONVENTION—AN IMMENSE EXCURSION.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., August 13, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The idea of the proposed national convention seems to be the topic of conversation among the mutes north and south, and I sincerely hope and believe that the convention will prove a success in every respect. Messrs. White and Larson make some important suggestions, but I do not accord with Mr. Larson in one respect, and that is the place of holding the convention. I think a more central location than Mexico could be found, and one that is more accessible for those living in the far South and West. The railroads have little or no competition in the two sections of the Union above mentioned, and the rates are enormous. I have consulted, by letter, several prominent mutes living in the South and South-west, and not a dissenting word has been uttered in opposition to the convention. "R. B. L." writing from Morgan City, La., comes nearer the right place of holding the convention than any other of your correspondents on the subject. It matters little to me where the convention is held, as I intend being there if it is held in the summer months; but, for the convenience of others, I suggest that Cincinnati be the place, or any other place in Ohio. If the convention is for the mutes north, east, south, and west it should by no means be held further east or north than Romney, W. Va.

I will give you a brief description of my visit to Norfolk, Washington, and Fort Monroe. By the morning of the 5th inst., all arrangements had been completed for the mammoth excursion of the merchants of the Carolinas to Norfolk, and, having been presented with a ticket, I decided to go and spend a few days in recreation at Norfolk and Old Point Comfort. After a hot and tiresome ride to Weld-on, we were met by a delegation of merchants and professional men of Norfolk.

After waiting an hour we were joined by the excursion parties coming in on the other railroads. A few minutes for refreshments, and the long train of cars sped forth, reaching Portsmouth late in the afternoon, when a rush was made for the boats at the wharf waiting to convey us over. The crowd was so immense that not more than three-fourths could get on board. The others took passage on sail and row-boats. On reaching Norfolk we wound our way up the narrow streets to the nearest hotel. We were too late. It was filled to overflowing, but after rambling around half an hour we succeeded in finding a boarding-house.

After tea my partner and I sallied down town for a moonlight promenade. The streets were so densely thronged that we could not keep together. Visiting some place of amusement was then proposed and readily agreed to. About this time we met a friend, and he took us to see the "Negro Minstrels." After laughing our sides sore we returned to our cozy nooks for a night's repose, which was interrupted during the whole night by some mischievous member of our crowd.

Breakfast over, we went out to transact what little business we had. Dropping into a store, my partner introduced me to Mr. —. "From Halifax, N. C.," inquired the merchant. When answered in the affirmative he turned to me and said "Take a seat (motioning to a chair) and make yourself at ease. I have often heard of the captain, but had no idea that he was such a young man." This tickled my friend, and, being full of mischief, he would not tell him that I was deaf. I then told him that I was as deaf as a brickbat, and asked him to write (pulling out my pencil and tablet) what he said. He was perfectly amazed, and while he was writing my friend told me what he had said. I then begged for correction the mistake, telling him that I was merely a collegian and was only spending my vacation at Halifax.

After an apology by my friend, and a hearty laugh, things went on all right, thanks that there was not a reporter near.

A boat ride was the next thing in order. This over, we repaired to the wharf, when one of the most luxuriant banquets was given that it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

Later in the afternoon two beautiful steamers were chartered to take the excursionists to Old Point Comfort and the capes. On our arrival at Old Point we succeeded in getting rooms at the Hygonia Hotel, one of the largest and most comfortable summer resorts along the coast. From this we strolled into the fort, where we remained until after the dress parade, which was exquisitely grand. The place that interested us most was the dungeon in which Jefferson Davis and his secretary of war were imprisoned.

Tea over, we lit our cigars and prom-

enaded the veranda until the sound of music announced that the ball was about to open. We cast our eyes around for partners, but *Psah!* the girls down this way don't flirt, and we were both strangers. As the band struck up *—I* have before said that I am as deaf as a brick bat—the belles rushed into the hall and were soon tripping the light fantastic. We longed for an acquaintance with one of those beauties. Whether we made one or not I leave it to the readers to guess.

The next day I paid Washington a flying visit, and then returned to this place.

While in Norfolk I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend J. P. Kelly, of the deaf-mute college, and the beautiful and talented Miss Lamb. I regret that, for want of time, I did not make Miss Edward's acquaintance as requested by several of her friends.

Mr. Kelly is monitor of a household consisting of several deaf-mute children. He is also teaching a Sunday-school. All honor to my friend Pat.

Yours respectfully,  
A. W. C.

### A WORD TO "DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS" AND THE STUDENTS.

Perhaps it is rather late to make a reply to "Deaf and Dumb Girls'" article which appeared in a June number of the JOURNAL, but, as the saying "better late than never" is as true as it is old, I will say a few words with reference to her spicy article. It was well written, and contained some sharp home thrusts at the students, but I did not agree with anything she said except, indeed, that deaf-mutes cannot afford to turn up their noses at others for being deaf when they are in the same fix themselves.

"Deaf and Dumb Girl" has, undoubtedly, set her heart upon having one of the students for her partner in life, and it evidently galls her to hear of their inclination to choose their wives from among hearing ladies. No one who has read her article could fail to perceive that. The students themselves saw it clearly, as is shown by "Rambling Sops's" words, "Deaf and Dumb Girl" may thank her stars that the student was not taken in by a speaking girl."

Now if she had really decided to marry a student, if possible, which, I believe, is not an uncommon thing among deaf-mute girls, she should not have effectually barred herself from that pleasure (?) by writing an article in which she, indirectly, told the students that she was to be had by any of them for the asking. For these "cooed fellows," like all other young men, are probably not over-anxious to have a girl who covets them to such a degree that she would not hesitate to publicly remonstrate with them for turning up their noses at "her unfortunate sex." No doubt they believe that what is worth having is worth working for.

"Student," when "denying the soft impeachment," remarked that if the fair writer of that article possessed such qualities as inspire love she might yet have one of them for her husband. But this is doubtful; for is there a man, a student or not a student, who wants a girl who as much as asks him to marry her? No, therefore, unless she succeeds in keeping the students in the dark as to her identity, she will probably have to find a hearing man or else content herself with a deaf one who has not enjoyed the pleasures of life at the National Deaf-Mute College.

But why should she care? Are the students really a class of superior beings? One would think so to see the way they are sought after by deaf-mute girls. I have met and conversed with only a few of them, and though I found them invariably intelligent, agreeable, and gentlemanly, they did not appear to me to be more so than many other deaf-mute gentlemen who never went to college. In regard to the students marrying hearing ladies, I think they could do no better, provided they choose those who are, in all respects, worthy of them, and do not content themselves with girls who are really their inferiors, simply because they can hear.

It would be better to have a deaf girl who is intelligent, cultivated, and refined than a hearing girl who is not so; but I would say to the students that if they can get accomplished, lady-like, hearing girls they had better do so by all means. I cannot see why because a person is deaf he must needs go and marry one who, to use a slang expression, is "in the same boat." Is it not enough that a person is deaf himself without marrying one who is also deaf? But, as "Student" wisely remarked, "Love, like necessity, knows no laws," and if a deaf-mute thinks it to his advantage to marry one who can hear as like as not he will find himself in love with one who is deaf. But to deaf people learn to love those who are similarly afflicted is largely owing to the fact that they associate more with each other than with hearing people. Many deaf-mutes marry their classmates or schoolmates with whom they were brought up. There is nothing amiss about this. It is very natural and probably unavoidable. But if deaf-mutes would mingle more in the society of hearing people the cases of marriage between the deaf and the hearing would be less, "few, and far between," and the former class would not feel themselves so much cut off from the hearing world, but would profit by the intercourse, and perhaps the amount of "deaf-mutism" that prevails would be considerably diminished.

But "let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter,"—if any deaf-mute boys, students or otherwise, wish to marry hearing persons, let them do so.

And would it not be better for the girls, in their turn, to "go and do likewise" instead of upbreading the boys, and accusing them of the ungentlemanly conduct of turning up their noses at them?

MINNEAPOLIS.

### NOTES FROM PROF. JOSEPH TURNER.

LAKE VILLAGE, N. H., Aug. 12, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—From the date of this letter, you will notice that I am in Lake Village, N. H., on a very short visit to that promising deaf-mute gentleman Mr. Gorham D. Abbott.

Yesterday afternoon, leaving Concord, I reached this fine village, only to see him for a few hours. From what I had heard of him, I only wanted to see more of him. While I was, some years ago, visiting the New York Institution, I met him, and he asked me if I knew anything of the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, to which I replied in the affirmative. Then he spelled out "He is my father." He was a pupil then, and was afterwards a student at the National Deaf-Mute College, where he remained three years.

I would have gone on to Plymouth, N. H., last night, as I fully intended to, but Mr. Abbott insisted on my staying with him all night, to which I consented. A very pleasant time I have had with him. I am going to that place this forenoon, merely to meet His Excellency Governor Head there on very important business. I am bound not to divulge the object of the business until next summer. I am fully commissioned to transact it for the benefit of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission.

The kind-hearted Governor takes a deep interest in the welfare of the New Hampshire deaf-mutes. In his inaugural speech he said that the legislature should appropriate five thousand dollars for the education of his unfortunate fellow-beings at Hartford and other places. I say this just as I was told.

Last night young Mr. Abbott and I called on his venerable mother, who is spending the summer here, but her home is in New Haven. We had interesting conversations with her. She told me that her husband and the late Dr. Cogswell, of Hartford, where his deaf-mute daughter Alice was the first pupil who entered that deaf-mute school were more influential in establishing the American Asylum than any other citizens, and that he solicited money to send the late Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet to Europe to learn the system of teaching deaf-mutes, which he succeeded in doing, as you are fully aware. She said that she and her husband did not imagine that their youngest child would be a deaf-mute. What a strange coincidence has occurred! Young Mr. Abbott was not born deaf, but lost his hearing at the age of six years by the paralysis of one or both of his ears, as their family doctor supposed. Before deafness overtook him he was remarkably smart, and could read and do sums as far as cubic roots, when he was about five years old. His father was proud of him till he became so much distressed at the loss of his hearing, which occurred when he was seven years of age. He afterwards educated him well out of his own pocket. After he had left the deaf-mute college his father made him study harder and harder for several years. He is now a compositor and quite a writer, and has written and published several essays on education, literature, &c. From what I have read, I can safely say that he bids fair to make a good editor. His brother-in-law being an editor in New York city, he may, ultimately, associate himself with him as an assistant editor. I should not be surprised to see him seated in an editorial chair. God bless him with success in the profession in which he has cast his lot. As far as he has heard, he is the only deaf-mute Odd Fellow in this country.

I am much pleased with the fine appearance and beautiful scenery which this village presents. I must stop writing, as I am about starting for Plymouth, N. H.

I had almost forgotten to say that the Rev. Dr. Roberts, the vice-rector, and the writer held a combined service in St. Paul's Church, Concord, N. H., last Sunday night. I expect to do the same in St. Johnsbury, Vt., next Sunday.

Just before leaving Concord, N. H., I met Miss Fuller, principal of the Boston deaf-mute day school, who said she was on her way to Bristol, on a visit, accompanied by one of her teachers. She recognized me as soon as she saw me at the depot, and we talked, not by signs, but by spelling on our hands.

I have just pulled by my son Charles' letter, with great surprise, that my son Loring has been to Niagara Falls, and has returned south to take charge of the Virginia Institution for two weeks during the absence of all the other officers.

God cheer you up. I expect to be with you next October, and have a nice time with you all.

I am very busy; more so than last year.

Sincerely yours,  
JOSEPH TURNER.

### EXCULPATES HIMSELF.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me to make a few corrections in your paper about my arrest, as reported by the *Star* and copied by you. I was never fined \$25, as is reported. I was never compelled to pay \$300 to keep the peace. The sum was nominal. I did not take up the Bible, as is reported. It was F. Klingman. The rumor that I was locked up for six hours is false. I was not lodged in jail, nor was I ever before locked up since I came from Europe.

Yours,  
A. WEINBERGER.

New York, Aug. 19, 1879.

### "Taffy" for Boston Mutes.

Bond, in the latest number of the *Leader*, confesses that a year or two ago he insulted some deaf-mute ladies of Boston, in order to help Job Turner. He also admits that he has attacked some of Boston's most respected citizens while laboring in the cause of Christianity. But now, in order to help his filthy paper, he turns around and confesses his sins of the past, no doubt hoping thereby to add to his subscription list. He will probably in a short time admit the injustice of his present articles against prominent deaf-mutes and deaf-mute institutions. He shows up boldly that he has done wrong before, but the time has not yet come (though not far distant,) for him to acknowledge his base and malicious designs of the present.

When a man, lost to all noble sentiments, tries in mean and contemptible ways to injure and not to help, tries to destroy and not to save, endeavors by publishing abuse and falsehood to help his own vile purposes, and then by confessing the sins of yesterday hopes to further his views of to-day, he labors under a delusion that will, ere long, be made clear to him. Does he think that the virtuous ladies and the respectable citizens he has attacked lack the proper amount of wisdom to discern his base intent? No; they all understand his little game, and what he now means as a help to his paper (?) will turn out in just the opposite way. Boston deaf-mutes are too intelligent to be "gulled" by such sweet hypocritical confessions. Do you hear him, ladies and gentlemen of Boston? He says: "I acknowledge that I did wrong once, but help me now to wrong others and I won't lie about you any more."

RED ISK.

### A STUDENT'S WEEK IN THE QUAKER CITY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—For a month I have been waiting for your publication of my article that had been sent you, and which has gone into wicked hands. [It was received by us, but became lost. Ed.] So here I have written a copy as near like the original as my memory serves me.

I have been to Philadelphia for a week, and, per request of many friends I met there, I send you an account of my stay, of which something may prove of interest to your numerous patrons. Hereby I would again express my thanks for the former's endeavors to make my visit pleasant.

I had a right good time, strolling about Fairmount Park, gliding over the Delaware to Gloucester, beholding the cracked Liberty bell, seeing many another relic in Independence Hall and Carpenter's Hall; also many a place, as the new City Hall and the post-office, the former of which when completed will be the great and just pride of the city, as it fairly rivals the national capital; interviewing in the parlor of the institution, where those former graduates who sew for the pupils and wait on the teachers were pleased to see a visiting student. Those live scenes were thrice more pleasing to me than all the others in and outside of the city. I went to visit them many times. They merit a good deal of praise.

Mrs. Harrison was brilliant there one evening that week. She may well be proud of George Dougherty, once her pupil, as he has ever been at the head of the class of '83. This humble student confesses to being at the foot.

Messrs. Harry and Willis White and G. Dougherty, all students, on a visit to the institution, shone forth a mien of sagacity during the debate on "Which is preferable, winter or summer?" I may add that, despite its myriad of bitters, summer came out ahead.

The city people, as a whole, appear opulent, are dressed in elegant style, and wear the look of sacred humanity, being Quakers, Shakers, etc. Thus can I but consider Philadelphia the best moral city in the country.

Temperance! Sassafras beer and particularly Bower's mead prevail in the good, quiet city, and are of super-excellent nourishing qualities, and, with mineral waters, soda water, pop, etc., can be substituted for intoxicating spirits and convert our young drunkards. The first two drinks are popular in Philadelphia's suburbs only.

I had some very pleasant games of croquet with several others at Fairmount, where many people enjoy themselves coquetting as well as croquetting (all innocent in their own ways,) and there is room for all, as it is the largest park in Uncle Sam's domains; but it will be outstripped by Detroit, as that city has purchased Belle Isle, consisting of about 700 acres, very finely located, giving a fine view of Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River.

I also attended a jolly soiree at the house of Mr. Cullingworth. He is striving hard to be ahead of his competitors in the line of visiting alphabet cards in point of elegant style, and is to add mute signs thereto.

Some knowledge of our beloved history made me glad to see Benjamin Van Court, a deaf-mute, a descendant of Major Andre.

My first object in going to Philadelphia was to see about my paralyzed arm. A council of surgeons plainly pronounced that even a long course of treatment would be of very little benefit, as the lameness had been of so long a standing; therefore let nobody afflicted with any physical deformity fail to secure the benefits of the national institutes of Philadelphia, Indianapolis, San Francisco, and Atlanta, at the proper time.

My head troubles demand rest from writing up any more or trying it.

EDWARD VAN DAMME.

PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

## THE MOST DISAGREEABLE SORT OF PEOPLE.

It will always be a nice and difficult question to decide who are the most disagreeable people to live with. Our first thoughts will be directed to the more ugly and venomous passions, such as hatred, envy, jealousy, and the like. It will probably be found, however, that those qualities which come under the head of foibles rather than of vices render people most intolerable as companions and coadjutors. For example, it may be observed that persons have a more worn, jaded, and dispirited look than any others who have to live with people who make difficulties on every occasion, great or small. It is astonishing to see how this practice of making difficulties grows into a confirmed habit of mind, and what disheartenment it occasions. The savor of life is taken out of it when you know that nothing you propose or suggest, hope for or endeavor, will meet with any response but, an enumeration of the difficulties that will lie in the path you wish to travel. The difficulty-monger is to be met with not only in domestic and social life, but also in business. It not infrequently occurs in business relations that the chief will never by any chance receive without many objections, and much bringing forward of possible difficulties, anything that is brought to him by his subordinates. They at least cease to take pains, knowing that no amount of pains will prevent their work being dealt with in a spirit of ingenuous objectiveness. At last they say to themselves: "The better the thing we present the more opportunity we will have for developing his unpleasant talent of objectiveness and imaginative power of inventing difficulties."

## A POCKETFUL OF NEW EARS.

CERTAIN ADVENTURES OF A MELANCHOLY BUT BENEVOLENT WESTERN PATENT RIGHTS MAN.

[New York World, Aug. 9, 1879.]

Two deaf-mutes who boarded an Eighth avenue car at Thirty-fifth street yesterday, a good-looking young man and a pretty young woman, made their fingers fly like knitting needles as they "talked" to each other, and their eyes snapped and twinkled as some happy or brilliant thought was thrown off from their finger-ends. A tall, lean man with a Western beard and ears was deeply interested in the young couple, but his interest, judging from the expression of his face, was of a gloomy nature. At last he sighed, or, to speak more accurately, his aspiration took the form of a half-suppressed grunt, and turning to the reporter he said:

"Stranger, it's a sad sight to see two young 'beens' like them doomed to wander alone, as you might say, through this world; for of course if they went hand in hand like other couples go, they couldn't talk; and whatever manual labor they may be doing they've either got to endure solitary confinement, as it were, or else drop their work and loaf."

The reporter admitted that it was a rather curious thing when one came to think of it.

"You wouldn't 'e'pose I understood the deaf-mute language, would ye?" continued the man from the parais.

"Well, I do, and I can understand all that that feller and his gal are talkin' about. I don't feel much sympathy for them two on account of their infiction, because they're makin' fun of the people in the car."

The reporter suggested that that was a good deal like talking behind one's back.

"That's jest what it is, stranger. I know, because I've been there myself. I learnt the deaf-mute language because it helps me in my business of introducing my artificial auditory apparatus. That'll make you hear talkin' behind your back, no matter if you're as deaf as a bedpost. I've had some right larfable experiences with this here artificial auditor apparatus. One day I was navigatin' through a Illinois in the northwest corner of a little ranch open. Now, you know, a patent right man allus goes into a house if he sees a door open, and if there aint any open he's sure to git in somehow. Well in the front part of this ranch was a baby rolling 'round in a crib with its face lookin' like a dish of angel-worms 'n' a cryin' enigh to raise the mischief. But the mother was sittin' 'cl'us by the cradle 'n' a larfin' like to split herself. Says I, 'Madame, what on earth air you larfin' at?' She didn't make no answer, an, in fact she did not know anybody 'cept her kid was thar till I tapped her on the shoulder. Then she looked up 'n' I see she was deaf. So I telegraphed to her 'n' asked her what she was larfin' at so hearty. 'Why,' she telegraphed back, 'only to see that dear little innocent crown 'n' larfin'. The angels is talkin' to him, I do believe.' 'Madame,' says I, 'that baby is cryin' hisself to death, and he's got the colic bad.' 'What do you mean?' says she. I pulled one of these auditories out of my pocket, continued the interesting stranger, producing one of the instruments—a very small affair—and tossing it over to the reporter in true Western style, and clapped it into the woman's ear. In a second she bust out cryin'. Be cam, says I, 'be cam.' 'Oh, how can I?' says she. 'This is the first time I ever heard my blessed child cry.' I an't ashamed to own up that I shed a few tears of sympathy for her. But when I had sort o' collected myself together again, I says, 'madame, all you've got to do is to give that baby a dose of paragonic and not even this delicate instrument will enable you to hear his moans, for he wont moan. You'll save a doctor's bill, and this artificial auditory apparatus costs only \$2.' She paid the \$2 suddenly and I sloped, leaving her futur' very happy."

"But speakin' about talkin' behind your back," he continued, "I tried my auditory once onto an old maid who'd become deaf from years. Did I sell her an auditory? I guess I didn't. She said as soon as ever she put it to her ear that her niece down stairs was a-talkin' about her, and that it lied, for nobody never talked about her, not even her niece, although she was an impudent little hussy, allas runnin' arter the young men. I got out o' that house almighty sudden, leavin' the old maid talkin' behind her niece's back."

The auditory man laughed and chuckled and then said:

"Now, stranger, I'm goin' to try my auditory on that young gal, and you'll see if it don't make her hear just as well as you or me."

He then went over to the young woman, communicated with her for a moment in her own silent language, and then delicately placed the instrument in her ear. For a few minutes she took the attitude of an eager listener, and then, dashing the instrument to the floor of the car, moved her fingers rapidly in the face of her escort, who promptly signalled the conductor to stop the car. The auditory man, who had jumped to his feet, stood looking after the young couple, and when they had reached the sidewalk he returned to his seat beside the reporter.

"What was the matter with the young lady?" asked the reporter.

"That's where it is," said the auditory man sorrowfully. "I'll have to get this artificial auditory apparatus reconstructed and toned down. It's too powerful. It makes the least whisper sound as loud as the roar of a Maine stump orator. As soon as ever that air gal put it to her ear she heard somebody up in the corner there talkin' about her an' her feller, and it naturally made her mad. I'm sorry. She was a nice, round girl, wan't she? And I know she'd have bought one if it wan't for them fresh young fellers chinnin' about her misfortuns."

## A QUESTION WELL PUT.

A valuable friend and able farmer, about the time temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his new hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you, when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I'll give you a sheep in the fall, if you do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said, "Father will you give me a sheep if I do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you will do without."

Presently Chandler speaks again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature" yet; but the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was, the demon was henceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

## A FARMER'S SNAKE STORY.

The Hamilton (Ga.) Journal says: A gentleman in this county gives us the following account of a horned snake: He states that while hoeing in a field of corn he saw a large snake crawling along with his head and tail raised about eighteen inches from the ground. The snake, seeing him, turned back to meet his foe, when the gentleman, considering prudence the better part of valor, turned to his heels and fled, the snake in pursuit. A large white oak tree was standing not far off, and as he jumped behind the tree the snake struck at him, and the horn, about two inches long, was buried in the tree. The snake, unable to get his horn out of the tree, was killed. The strangest part of the affair is that in six hours the leaves on the tree, which had been perfectly green and flourishing, began to wither, and in less than twelve hours were perfectly dead. The gentleman who relates the above is a reliable farmer.

## A SPOTTED BOY.

A Washington paper states, with so much show of truth that the unavowed suspicion is excited that it is no manning, that there is an eleven-year-old boy in that city, named Sam Lewis, well-grown and smart, who can beat the leopard for spots. His face is light yellow, his cheeks being darker than the rest of his face, and his head is covered with short, fleecy hair; his eyebrows are a yellowish white, and his eyes, once of a pinkish tint, are now deep red; his body, arms, and legs are as white as the fair Caucasian, and the tops of his feet and the backs of his hands are as black as the ace of spades—if any our readers know what that is. Besides these peculiarities he has a double row of teeth.

## SUNDAY READING.

### THE PASSING PETER.

With tender hands and with eager feet They brought their sick to the city street.

Waiting, along the public way,

Pallid and stiff the sufferers lay,

Only the man of God to see—

Peter who wrought so wondrously.

"Watch ye no longer!" a warning cry Came from the hurrying passers-by;

"Hundreds like those already wait,

Thronging about the temple gate,

"Haply, the healing of his touch,

Waneh, from using over much!

"Take ye your sick to rest again!

He cannot help them. Their hope is vain!"

Still, though with eyes that grew more dim,

Patient in trust they watched for Him,

It but some shadows sweet may fall

Holy with healing on them all.

Lo! As the sun went slowly down,

Peter came passing through the town;

Those who had trusted, the stories'tell,

Rose from their beds of pain, made well.

Even as I write, it comes to me

How every sorrow of life may be

Only the shadow of one who brings

The Beauty of Healing on His wings.

### PERMANENCE OF MORAL CHARACTER.

True indeed are these words by Joseph Cook:

This universe up to the edge of the tomb is not a joke. There are in this life serious differences between the right hand and the left. Nevertheless, in our present career, a man has but one chance. Even if you come weight-into the world, as Sinbad was with the Old Man of the Sea, you have but one chance. Time does not fly in a circle, but forth, and right on. The wandering, squandering, dissipated moral leper is gifted with no second set of early years. There is no fountain in Florida that gives perpetual youth; and the universe might be searched, probably, in vain for such a spring. Waste your youth; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your middle life; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your old age; in it you shall have but one chance. It is an irreversible natural law that character attains final permanence, and in the nature of things final permanence can come but once. This world is fearfully and wonderfully made, and so are we, and we shall escape neither ourselves nor these stupendous laws.

It is not to me a pleasant thing to exhibit these truths from the side of terror; but on the other side, these are the truths of bliss; for, by this very law through which all character tends to become unchanging, a soul that attains a final permanence of good character runs but one risk, and is delivered once for all from its torture and unrest. It has passed the bonfire from behind which no man is caught out of the fold. He who is the force behind all natural law is the keeper of His sheep, and no one is able to pluck them out of His hand. Himself without variableness or shadow of turning. He maintains the irreversibleness of all natural forces, one of which is the in-sufferably majestic law by which character tends to assume final permanence, good, as well as bad.—Joseph Cook.

### THE JOY OF SERVICE.

He who wants the joys of Christ's service must first be in Christ's service. Consecration must precede comfort in the believer's life. He must look to Jesus for direction, before he calls on Jesus for assistance. His first thought in the morning must be, What can I do for my Master? not, What can my Helper do for me? So long as he is looking at Jesus merely as one to give him help and comfort and peace, he will fail to find what he looks for. But when he looks at Jesus as one whom he loves, and lives for, and is ready to die for; as one whose badge of service he is proud of, and whom he enjoys doing anything and everything for,—then he will have health and comfort and peace, according to the order of nature in all devoted service, and according to the specific and unfailing word of Jesus in this particular sphere.—Sunday School Times.

### A SHIP ON THE BROAD.

A ship on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small, secret, every-day acts of our life.

The only cure for selfishness is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for selfishness is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.

The road of inquiry should lead to the rest of conviction. For if search for truth is, as Lessing held, the gift of God's right hand, truth is not the gift of His left hand; it is rather the gift of God's self.—Sunday Afternoon.

There are only a few questions up on which we can properly have convictions: upon these few convictions are indispensable to religious life.—Sunday Afternoon.

The Infinite has sown his name in the heavens in burning stars; but in the earth He has sown his name in tender flowers.

## INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH AN INTELLIGENT DEAF-MUTE.

FACTS GIVEN BY A YOUNG ST. LOUIS STUDENT.

[St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat, Aug. 9, 1879.]

There was a deaf-mutes' picnic yesterday in the Missouri Sharpshooters' Park. As may be imagined, it was not a noisy affair, but for all that everybody appeared to enjoy themselves. There were not more than fifty people present, and they were mostly young men and ladies. At first the reporter had some difficulty in getting on a conversational footing. For a quarter of an hour he walked around without being able to find any one who could speak. There were little groups sitting down in shady places, chattering with their fingers in the beautiful and impressive silent language of the mutes. Gallant youths were swinging girls, and occasionally when anything funny or more than usually exciting happened, there would be a sound like a laugh. Two young children, a boy and a girl, were sitting on the ground, playing with pebbles. They formed a pretty and at the same time a pathetic picture as they moved their lips and smiled as if laughing, and nimbly motioned with their fingers. Perhaps the awful affliction of the want of hearing and speech is noticed more by seeing a deaf-mute child than a grown-up deaf-mute. The ten-pin alley was liberally patronized, and although no cheer could be given when a good shot was made, there was lots of fun all the same. Last year the picnic was held at the Fair Grounds, and there was an attendance of about 200 people. The distance out to the Sharpshooters' Park, and the threatening appearance of the morning, may account for the slim attendance of yesterday. The grounds were accepted for the picnic on the invitation of the proprietor, who has a deaf-mute child. Two deaf-mutes were the managers—Mr. A. H. Kohlmetz, a member of the Sharpshooters' Association, and Mr. George Dougherty. There was no programme, and all did as their moods moved them. A favorite amusement of the young ladies was dancing. Although there was no music—and if there was any it would have done no good—they kept most excellent time.

With the view of obtaining some information concerning deaf-mutes, the reporter interviewed Mr. Dougherty, who has secured the reputation of being the best educated deaf-mute in the city and one of the most promising in the whole country. He is nineteen years of age, but his book knowledge far surpasses that of the average young man at college. He is an extensive reader, has a wonderful memory, and is possessed with keen powers of observation. He resides in the city, and he is home for vacation from the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C. To interview a deaf-mute is a novel reportorial performance. The modus operandi was the writing of the question by the reporter, and the writing of the answer by Mr. Dougherty.

THE INTERVIEW

was very interesting, and is produced below exactly as taken:

"How many deaf-mutes are there in the city?"

"My calculation is that there are 220."

"[Another deaf-mute thought there must be 250.]"

"What proportion are grown-up men and women?"

"About one-sixth or one-tenth of the whole number."

"What nationalities predominate?"

"First, native American; secondly, German; thirdly, Irish, and there are a few English and French."

"What system of sign-language do you use, and is generally used?"

"That which was originally introduced from France, and was invented by the Abbe Sicard."

"Do all deaf-mutes in St. Louis use that system?"

"It is used in all the State deaf-mute institutions, and in the college at Washington, D. C."

"Do foreign countries generally use that system?"

"No."

"In what European countries is it used?"

"In France, Switzerland and Ireland."

"What system is used in England and Germany?"

"That used in England is known as the 'double-handed' system; I don't know what system is used in Germany."

"Can you, or any other deaf-mute who uses Sicard's system, understand the 'double-handed' system?"

"Yes. The 'single-handed,' or Sicard system is as easy to learn as the 'double-handed.' They are about equally natural, but in my opinion the 'single-handed' is much more convenient than the 'double-handed.' It is not so difficult to learn the latter. Any one who is familiar with the 'single-handed' system is able to learn the 'double-handed' in half an hour, if he be very attentive and diligent."

[Remark by reporter: "We are getting on first rate in this interview, considering we don't speak a word."] Mr. Dougherty (laughing).

"Well, I write my own answers, which is not often the case in newspaper interviewing."

Question: "What I mean is—if a deaf-mute is taught only the Sicard system, can he understand the 'double-handed' system without receiving instruction in it?"

"Of course not, but he will require only half an hour to learn the 'double-handed' system. The sign-language is the same in any other country as in the United States. The difference between the 'single-handed' and the 'double-handed' system only consists in that in the first case a single hand is used to spell the words, whereas in

the latter case it requires both hands."

"Do you know anything of Prof. Bell's system to teach deaf-mutes, how to speak?"

"But little. There are a considerable number of deaf-mute professors who stoutly believe that Prof. Bell's system has as yet accomplished but little good, only one in a score becomes lucky enough to speak, well, while all the rest articulate more like wild beasts than human beings. At any rate it is

### AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT.

"What is the system called?"

"Prof. Bell's 'Visible Speech.'"

"Where did you go to school?"

"I am now attending college at Washington, D. C. I used to go to the Fulton (Mo.) State School before I entered the National Deaf-Mute College."

"Is the college at Washington supported by the Federal Government?"

"Yes."

"How many students attend that college?"

"Fifty. Thirteen are from Ohio. I am the only student from Missouri."

"Are all the students males?"

"Yes."

"Are there any institutions in this State for the education of deaf-mutes besides that at Fulton?"

"Not long ago a deaf-mute school was established in connection with the 'Franklin Branch,' and it is under the direction of the Public School Board. Mr. Simpson, the instructor, is a graduate of Washington College."

"How many deaf-mutes are there in this State and how many in the United States?"

"I don't know how many there are in this State, but I believe there are 60,000 in this country. The gentleman sitting opposite told me that the proportion of deaf-mutes to the population in the United States is one to every 1,500."

"Do you think most of them are born mutes?"

"About half."

"Are there many instances of speech being restored?"

"Yes."

"How does that come about—by a sudden shock or fright or by sickness, is it not?"

"Yes. I know of one instance where a mute who lived in Indiana recovered his hearing and speech by falling from a wagon."

"Do you know of any who can hear, but not speak, or speak and not hear?"

"I myself can hear nearly every sound, but I cannot distinguish the words that are spoken to me."

"Can any speak who cannot hear?"

"Very many; they are called semi-mutes."

"Is it not generally the case that when a person loses his hearing he soon loses his speech also?"

"Generally so, and the cause is neglect to cultivate the remaining power of speech; unless he exercises that power he will surely lose it in a few years."

"Do you know the reason of that?"

"Because, having lost his hearing, he is ashamed to speak to others, as he cannot hear their answers; then the power of speech is lost by want of exercise."

"But outside of that there is no physical reason why one who has lost his hearing should also lose his speech?"

"No."

"Do persons ever lose their speech suddenly and still retain their 'power of hearing'?"

"I have not heard of any such case."

"Was the Abbe Sicard a deaf-mute?"

"No."

"Are there any mutes in this country who are distinguished in the arts or sciences or in any profession?"

"Yes, a great many. One of the graduates of my college is now principal Examiner in the United States Patent Office. Two of the professors at the college are deaf-mutes. A deaf-mute is the editor of an influential paper in Massachusetts. Once Prof. Scoble, now President of Dartmouth College, while he was a member of Congress, asked President Gallaudet, of the Washington College, what his graduates could do, he being incredulous as to the possibility or practical value of a deaf-mute college. President Gallaudet reminded the Professor that a certain editor in Massachusetts was a deaf-mute. Prof. Scoble had then to acknowledge that mutes could do as well as others if they only had a fair education, and he remarked that the Massachusetts deaf-mute editor nearly prevented his election."

"Who is President Gallaudet?"

"He is the youngest son of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, now deceased, who founded the first deaf-mute school in this country. He is President of the National Deaf-Mute College; that college is the only one of the kind in the world. A few years ago a student came over from England to that college."

"How are pupils admitted there—do they have to pay anything?"

"Those who can afford to pay \$150 a year. The others have to go to the Congressman of their district, who writes to the President, transmitting to him recommendations, and if the President thinks the applicants worthy of the admission, he grants it readily."

"How many will the college accommodate?"

"At most 81. Each room has two occupants. The college buildings are the most beautiful in the country; they are all of Gothic style. The college was established in 1864."

"Are there any professors of foreign languages?"

"Two; there is a regular professor and an assistant professor."

"What languages do they teach?"

"Latin, French and German. Greek is an optional study."

"Do you read any foreign language?"

"Latin. I will study French in the

junior year and German in the senior year."

"Were you born a mute, or did you lose your power of speech?"

"I lost my power of speech when I was two years old, from typhoid fever."

## Reduced Fares to the Convention.

N. Y. LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R.R. CO. OFFICE OF THE GEN'L PASSENGER AG'T, NEW YORK, Aug. 8, 1879.

ALPHONSO JOHNSON, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your favor of the 4th inst., addressed to our President Jewett, and which has been referred to this department, to persons attending the eighth bi-ennial convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, to be held at Buffalo on the 27th and 28th inst., those who shall have paid full fare to this Company from any point on our line to Buffalo in going, we will instruct our agent at Buffalo to sell return tickets between same points at one-third the regular local rate. Our agent will require as his further authority for so doing a certificate signed by an officer of the convention stating from what point full fare was paid in going, to be presented by each applicant for return ticket at the reduced rate.

Very respectfully,

JNO. N. ABBOTT, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

### REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

July 27 - - - - - Cleveland, O.

August 3 - - - - - Chicago, Ill.

" 10 - - - - - New York.

" 17 - - - - - " "

" 24 - - - - - Columbus, O.

" 27 - - - - - Buffalo, N. Y.

" 31 - - - - - Cleveland, O.

Sept. 2 - - - - - Akron, O.

" 5 - - - - - Evansville, Ind.